

Sabbath Songs

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2274



SABBATH SONGS;

FOR THE USE OF

FAMILIES AND SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

COMPILED BY

S. IRENÆUS. *Prime*

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PREFACE.

I HAVE long desired for my own children, and for the Sabbath School, a little Hymn-book, embracing those divine songs that have become familiar in the domestic circle. All Christian families have their favorite hymns, and I do not suppose that those which are dear to me will be equally dear to others. But I am sure that many of those in this collection will be dear to all who love the social song of praise.

The chief object I have had in view in making this selection, is to induce my young friends to commit these hymns to memory. Here are about one hundred ; and each child, in the family or the Sunday School, may be easily furnished with a Hymn-book, and by learning two of these hymns in a week, the whole will be learned in a year.

On the Sabbath it will be pleasant to sing in concert the songs just learned, and to use the book in social worship. It may also be introduced into the Sabbath School without interfering in the least with the books now in use.

If I could persuade the children to treasure in their hearts and minds these beautiful hymns, I should feel that I had accomplished a great work. These would be their songs in the morning and the evening, and by the way ; and thus, I trust, many of them would be trained to sing the praises of their Maker and Redeemer in a brighter and better work.

IRENÆUS.

SABBATH SONGS.

7s & 6s.

HASTINGS.

A Bright Sabbath Morning.

- 1 The rosy light is dawning
Upon the mountain's brow ;
It is the Sabbath morning—
Arise and pay thy vow.
Lift up thy voice to heaven
In sacred praise and prayer,
While unto thee is given
The light of life to share.

- 2 The landscape lately shrouded
By evening's paler ray,
Smiles beauteous and unclouded
Before the eye of day :
So let our souls, benighted
Too long in folly's shade,
By thy kind smiles be lighted
To joys that never fade.

C. M.

WATTS.

For the Lord's Day Morning.

- 1 Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high ;

To thee will I direct my pray'r,
To thee lift up mine eye.

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God, before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand ;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4 But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there ;
I will frequent thine holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

5 O may thy Spirit guide my feet,
In ways of righteousness !
Make ev'ry path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.

3

L. M.

STENNETT.

The Sabbath.

1 Another six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun :
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy God hath blest.

2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns
So sweet a rest to wearied minds ;

Provides an antepast of heaven,
And gives this day the food of seven.

- 3 O may our pray'rs and praises rise,
As grateful incense to the skies ;
And draw from heaven that sweet repose
Which none but he who feels it knows
- 4 In holy duties may the day
In holy pleasures pass away ;
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end.

L. M.

The Sabbath.

- 1 This day belongs to God alone ;
He chooses Sunday for his own :
And we must neither work nor play,
Because it is God's holy'day.
- 2 'Tis well to have one day in seven,
That we may learn the way to heaven ;
Then let us spend it as we should,
In serving God and growing good.
- 3 We ought, to-day, to learn and seek
What we may think of all the week ;
And be the better, every day,
For what we've heard our teachers say
- 4 And every Sunday should be pass'd,
As if we knew it were our last :
What would the dying sinner give,
To have one Sabbath more to live !

5

S. M.

WATTS.

The Lord's Day ; or, Delight in Ordinances.

- 1 Welcome, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise ;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes !
- 2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day ;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day amidst the place
Where my dear God hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.
- 4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this ;
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

6

P. M.

WATTS.

Going to Church.

- 1 How pleas'd and blest was I,
To hear the people cry,
" Come, let us seek our God to-day ;"
Yes, with a cheerful zeal,
We haste to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honors pay.

- 2 Zion, thrice happy place,
Adorn'd with wondrous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee round ;
In thee our tribes appear,
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.
- 3 There David's greater Son
Has fix'd his royal throne ;
He sits for grace and judgment there ;
He bids the saint be glad,
He makes the sinner sad,
And humble souls rejoice with fear.
- 4 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
To bless the soul of ev'ry guest ;
The man that seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest !
- 5 My tongue repeats her vows,
" Peace to this sacred house !"
For here my friends and kindred dwell ;
And since my glorious God
Makes thee his blest abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well.

Jesus Crowned.

- 1 Come, children, hail the prince of peace.
Obey the Saviour's call ;
Come seek his face, and taste his grace.
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Ye lambs of Christ, your tribute bring,
Ye children great and small ;
Hosanna sing to Christ your King,
O ! crown him Lord of all.

3 This Jesus will your sins forgive,
For you he drank the gall ;
For you he died, that you might live
To crown him Lord of all.

4 Let every people, every tribe,
Around this earth y ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 All hail, the Saviour, Prince of Peace,
Let saints before him fall ;
Let sinners seek his pard'ning grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

8

S. M.

FAWCETT.

Early Piety.

1 With humble heart and tongue,
My God, to thee I pray ;
O make me learn, while I am young,
How I may cleanse my way.

2 Now in my early days,
Teach me thy will to know ;
O God, thy sanctifying grace
Betimes on me bestow.

- 3 Make me, a helpless youth,
The object of thy care ;
Help me to choose the way of truth,
And flee from every snare.
- 4 My heart, to folly prone,
Renew by pow'r divine ;
Unite it to thyself alone,
And make me wholly thine.
- 5 O let thy word of grace,
My warmest thoughts employ ;
Be this, through all my following days,
My treasure and my joy.

9

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Youth Invited.

- 1 Ye hearts with youthful vigor warm,
In smiling crowds draw near,
And turn from every mortal charm,
A Saviour's voice to hear.
- 2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
Stoops to converse with you,
And lays his radiant glories by
Your friendship to pursue.
- 3 The soul that longs to see my face,
Is sure my love to gain,
And those that early seek my grace.
Shall never seek in vain.

- 4 What object, Lord, my soul should move
 If once compared with thee ?
 What beauty should command my love
 Like what in Christ I see ?
- 5 Away, ye false delusive toys,
 Vain tempters of the mind
 'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,
 And here true bliss I find.

10

C. M.

HEBER.

The Christian Child.

- 1 By cool Siloam's shady rill
 How sweet the lily grows :
 How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
 Of Sharon's dewy rose !
- 2 Lo ! such the child whose early feet
 The paths of peace have trod ;
 Whose secret heart with influence sweet,
 Is upward drawn to God.
- 3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
 The lily must decay ;
 The rose that blooms beneath the hill,
 Must shortly fade away.
- 4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
 Of man's maturer age,
 Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
 And stormy passion's rage.

- 5 O Thou, who givest life and breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thine own.

11

8s.

HASTINGS.

Sorrow for Disobedience.

- 1 My father, my mother, I know
I cannot your kindness repay,
But I hope that the older I grow
I shall learn your commands to obey.
- 2 You loved me before I could tell
Who it was that so tenderly smiled,
But now that I know it so well,
I should be a dutiful child.
- 3 I am sorry that ever I could
Be wicked, and give you such pain ;
I hope I shall learn to be good,
And so never grieve you again.
- 4 But for fear I ever should dare
From all your commands to depart,
Whenever I utter a prayer,
I'll ask for a dutiful heart.

12

L. M.

HIGINBOTTAM.

A Youth Seeking Wisdom.

- 1 I ask not wealth, nor pomp, nor power,
Nor fleeting pleasures of an hour,

My soul aspires to nobler things
Than all the pride and state of kings.

2 One thing I ask, Lord, wilt thou hear,
And grant my soul a gift so dear ?
Wisdom descending from above,
The sweetest token of thy love.

3 Wisdom betimes to know the Lord,
To fear his name, and keep his word ;
To lead my feet in paths of truth,
And guide and guard my wand'ring youth

4 Then should'st thou grant a length of days,
My life shall still proclaim thy praise,
Or early death my soul convey,
To realms of everlasting day.

13

C. M.

COWPER.

1 Bestow, O Lord, upon our youth
The gift of saving grace,
And let the seed of sacred truth
Fall in a fruitful place.

2 Grace is a plant, where'er it grows,
Of pure and heavenly root ;
But fairest in the youngest shows,
And yields the sweetest fruit.

3 Ye careless ones, oh, hear betimes
The voice of saving love !
Your youth is stain'd with numerous crimes,
But mercy reigns above.

- 4 For you the public prayer is made ;
 Oh, join the public prayer !
 For you the secret tear is shed ;
 Oh, shed yourselves a tear !
- 5 We pray that you may early prove
 The Saviour's quickening grace ;
 Too young you cannot taste his love,
 Or seek his smiling face.

14

C. M.

FAWCETT.

Religion.

- 1 Religion is the chief concern
 Of mortals here below ;
 May I its great importance learn,
 Its sovereign virtue know.
- 2 More needful this than glittering wealth,
 Or aught the world bestows ;
 Nor reputation, food, or health,
 Can give us such repose.
- 3 Religion should our thoughts engage,
 Amidst our youthful bloom ;
 'Twill fit us for declining age,
 And for the silent tomb.
- 4 O, may my heart, by grace renew'd,
 Be my Redeemer's throne ;
 And be my stubborn will subdu'd,
 His government to own.

- 5 Let deep repentance, faith, and love,
 Be join'd with godly fear ;
 And all my conversation prove
 My heart to be sincere.

15

C. M.

Hosannas.

- 1 Hosannas were by children sung,
 When Jesus was on earth ;
 Then surely we are not too young
 To sound his praises forth.
- 2 The Lord is great, the Lord is good,
 He feeds us from his store,
 With earthly and with heavenly food ;
 We'll praise him evermore.
- 3 We thank him for his gracious word ;
 We thank him for his love ;
 We'll sing the praises of our Lord,
 Who reigns in heaven above.

16

7s.

Value of Religion.

'Tis religion that can give
 Sweetest pleasure while we live ;
 'Tis religion must supply
 Solid comfort when we die.
 After death its joys will be
 Lasting as eternity !
 Be the living God my friend,
 Then my bliss shall never end.

17

C. M.

J. TAYLOR.

Children in Heaven.

- 1 There is a glorious world of light
Above the starry sky,
Where saints departed, cloth'd in white,
Adore the Lord most high.
- 2 And hark, amid the sacred songs
Those heavenly voices raise,
Ten thousand, thousand infant tongues,
Unite in perfect praise.
- 3 Those are the hymns that we shall know
If Jesus we obey ;
That is the place where we shall go,
If found in wisdom's way.
- 4 This is the joy we ought to seek,
And make our chief concern ;
For this we come from week to week,
To read, and hear, and learn.
- 5 Great God ! impress the serious thought
This day on every breast,
That both the teachers and the taught
May enter to thy rest.

18

C. M.

BEDDOME.

Youthful Piety.

- 1 Amidst the cheerful bloom of youth,
With ardent zeal pursue
The ways of piety and truth,
With death and heaven in view.

- 2 Youth is the most accepted time
To love and serve the Lord ;
A flower presented in its prime,
Will much delight afford.
- 3 He'll crown with peace your rising years,
And make your fruit increase ;
Will guide you through this vale of tears,
And bid your sorrows cease.
- 4 Give him the morning of your days,
And be for ever blest ;
'Tis none but those in Wisdom's ways
Enjoy substantial rest.

19

L. M.

HYDE.

Children committed to the Good Shepherd.

- 1 Dear Saviour, if these lambs should stray
Beyond their blest enclosure's bound,
And lur'd by worldly joys away,
Among the thoughtless crowd be found ;
- 2 Remember still that they are thine,
That thy dear sacred name they bear ;
Think that the seal of love divine,
The sign of cov'nant grace they wear.
- 3 In all their erring, sinful years,
O let them ne'er forgotten be ;
Remember all the pray'rs and tears
Which made them consecrate to thee.

- 4 And when these lips no more can pray,
These eyes can weep for them no more ;
Turn thou their feet from folly's way,
The wand'ers to thy fold restore.

20

C. M.

" Teach us to Pray."

- 1 Lord, teach a little child to pray,
Thy grace betimes impart ;
And grant thy Holy Spirit may
Renew my infant heart.
- 2 A helpless creature I was born,
And from the birth I stray'd ;
I must be wretched and forlorn
Without thy mercy's aid.
- 3 But Christ can all my sins forgive,
And wash away their stain ;
And fit my soul with him to live
Where he shall ever reign.

21

C. M.

The All-seeing God.

- 1 Almighty God, thy piercing eye
Strikes through the shades of night,
And our most secret actions lie
All open to thy sight.
- 2 There's not a sin which we commit,
Nor wicked word we say,
But in thy awful book 'tis writ,
Against the judgment day.

- 3 And must the crimes which we have done
Be read and publish'd there—
Be all expos'd before the sun,
While men and angels hear ?
- 4 Lord, at thy feet asham'd I lie ;
Upward I dare not look ;
Pardon my sins, O God most high,
And blot them from thy book.

A Morning Hymn.

- 1 God of the morning, at whose voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies ;
- 2 From the fair chambers of the east
The circuit of his race begins,
And without weariness or rest,
Round the whole earth he flies and shines.
- 3 Oh, like the sun may I fulfil
Th' appointed duties of the day ;
With ready mind and active will
March on and keep my heav'nly way.
- 4 (But I shall rove and lose the race,
If God, my sun, should disappear,
And leave me in this world's wild maze,
To follow ev'ry wand'ring star.)

- 5 Lord, thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlight'ning our beclouded eyes ;
Thy threat'nings just, thy promise sure,
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.
- 6 Give me thy counsel for my guide,
And then receive me to thy bliss ;
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold, compar'd with this.

23

P. M.

WATTS.

God our Preserver.

- 1 Upward I lift mine eyes,
From God is all my aid ;
The God that built the skies,
And earth and nature made :
God is the tow'r
To which I fly ;
His grace is nigh
In ev'ry hour.
- 2 My feet shall never slide,
And fall in fatal snares,
Since God, my guard and guide,
Defends me from my fears.
Those wakeful eyes,
Which never sleep,
Shall Israel keep,
When dangers rise.
- 3 No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of ev'ning air,

Shall take my health away,
If God be with me there :

Thou art my sun,
And thou my shade,
To guard my head
By night or noon.

- 4 Hast thou not giv'n thy word,
To save my soul from death ?
And I can trust my Lord
To keep my mortal breath :
I'll go and come,
Nor fear to die,
Till from on high
Thou call me home.

Morning Hymn.

- 1 My God, who makes the sun to know
His proper hour to rise ;
And to give light to all below,
Doth send him round the skies.
- 2 When from the chambers of the east,
His morning race begins,
He never tires, nor stops to rest,
But round the world he shines.
- 3 So, like the sun, would I fulfil
The business of the day ;
Begin my work betimes, and still
March on my heavenly way.

- 4 Give me, O Lord, thy early grace,
Nor let my soul complain,
That all the morning of my days,
Has been consumed in vain.

25

L. M.

WATTS

Evening Hymn.

- 1 Glory to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light ;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thine own almighty wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, through thy dear Son,
The ills which I this day have done ;
And with the world, myself, and thee,
May I at peace for ever be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed :
Teach me to die, that so I may
With joy behold the judgment day.
- 4 O, be my guardian while I sleep,
Thy watchful station near me keep ;
And when the sun again doth shine,
O ! fill my soul with light divine.

26

7s.

Evening Hymn.

- 1 Softly now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away ;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord ! I would commune with thee.

- 2 Soon for me the light of day
 Shall for ever pass away ;
 Then, from sin and sorrow free,
 Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee.

27

S. M.

Evening Hymn.

- 1 The day is past and gone,
 The evening shades appear ;
 Oh, may I ever keep in mind,
 The night of death draws near.
- 2 Lord, keep me safe this night,
 Secure from all my fears ;
 May angels guard me while I sleep,
 Till morning light appears.
- 3 And when I early rise,
 To view th' unwearied sun,
 May I set out to win the prize,
 And after glory run.
- 4 Lord, when my days are past,
 And I from time remove,
 Oh may I in thy bosom rest,
 The bosom of thy love.

28

P. M.

Evening Hymn.

- 1 Fading, still fading, the last beam is shining,
 Father in heaven, the day is declining ;—

Safety and innocence fly with the light,
Temptation and danger walk forth with the night.
From the fall of the shade till the morning bells
 chime,
Shield me from danger, save me from crime.

- 2 Father in heaven, Oh hear when we call,
Hear, for Christ's sake, who is Saviour of all ;
Feeble and fainting, we trust in thy might,
In doubting and darkness thy love be our light ;
Let us sleep on thy breast while the night taper
 burns ;
Wake in thy arms when the morning returns.

29

C. M.

WATTS.

The Bible.

- 1 Great God, with wonder and with praise
 On all thy works I look ;
But still thy wisdom, power, and grace,
 Shine brightest in thy book.
- 2 The stars that in their courses roll,
 Have much instruction given ;
But thy good word informs my soul
 How I may soar to heaven.
- 3 The fields provide me food, and show
 The goodness of the Lord ;
But fruits of life and glory grow
 In thy most holy word.
- 4 Here would I learn how Christ has died,
 To save my soul from hell ;

Not all the books on earth beside
Such heavenly wonders tell.

- 5 Then let me love my Bible more,
And take a fresh delight,
By day to read these wonders o'er,
And meditate by night.

30

C. M.

STEELE

The Pearl of Great Price.

- 1 Ye glittering toys of earth, adieu !
A nobler choice be mine—
A real prize attracts my view,
A treasure all divine.
- 2 Jesus, to multitudes unknown ;
O name divinely sweet !
Jesus, in thee, in thee alone,
Wealth, honor, pleasure meet.
- 3 Should both the Indies, at my call,
Their boasted stores resign ;
With joy I would renounce them all,
For leave to call thee mine.
- 4 Should earth's vain treasures all depart,
Of this dear gift possessed,
I'd clasp it to my joyful heart,
And be for ever blessed.
- 5 Dear sovereign of my soul's desires,
Thy love is bliss divine ;
Accept the wish that love inspires,
And bid me call thee mine.

31

The Happy Meeting.

- 1 Here we suffer grief and pain,
Here we meet to part again,
In heaven we part no more.

CHORUS.

O that will be joyful,
Joyful, joyful, joyful ;
O that will be joyful,
When we meet to part no more !

- 2 All who love the Lord below,
When they die to heaven will go,
And sing with saints above.
O that will be joyful, &c.

- 3 *Little children* will be there,
Who have sought the Lord by prayer,
From *every* Sunday school.
O that will be joyful, &c.

- 4 *Teachers*, too, shall meet above,
And our *Pastors*, whom we love,
Shall meet to part no more.
O that will be joyful, &c.

- 5 O how happy we shall be !
For our Saviour we shall see
Exalted on his throne !
O that will be joyful, &c.

- 6 There we all shall sing with joy,
 And eternity employ,
 In praising Christ, the Lord.
 O that will be joyful,
 Joyful, joyful, joyful ;
 O that will be joyful,
 When we meet to part no more !

32

C. M.

The Parting Hymn.

- 1 How pleasant thus to dwell below
 In fellowship of love ;
 And though we part, 'tis bliss to know
 The good shall meet above.
 O that will be joyful, joyful, joyful,
 O that will be joyful,
 To meet to part no more ;
 To meet to part no more,
 On Canaan's happy shore,
 And sing the everlasting song
 With those who've gone before !
- 2 Yes, happy thought ! when we are free
 From earthly grief and pain,
 In heaven we shall each other see,
 And never part again.
 O that will be joyful, &c.
- 3 The children who have loved the Lord
 Shall hail their teachers there ;
 And teachers gain the rich reward
 Of all their toil and care.
 O that will be joyful, &c.

- 4 Then let us each in strength divine
 Still walk in wisdom's ways ;
 That we, with those we love, may join
 In never-ending praise.
 O that will be joyful, &c.

33

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Prayer for a New Heart.

- 1 O for a heart to praise my God,
 A heart from sin set free ;
 A heart that's sprinkled with the blood
 So freely shed for me.
- 2 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
 Believing, true and clean,
 Which neither life nor death can part
 From him that dwells within.
- 3 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
 My dear Redeemer's throne,
 Where only Christ is heard to speak,
 Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 4 Thy holy nature, Lord, impart,
 Come quickly from above ;
 Write thy new name upon my heart,
 Thy name, O God, is love.

34

L. M.

DWIGHT.

Sinners Invited to Repentance.

- 1 While life prolongs its precious light,
 Mercy is found—and peace is given ;
 But soon—ah soon ! approaching night
 Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

- 2 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave ;
Before His bar your spirits bring,
Who then will neither hear nor save.
- 3 In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise ;
No God regard your bitter prayer,
No Saviour call you to the skies.
- 4 Now God invites—how blessed the day !
How sweet the gospel's charming sound !
Come, sinners, haste—oh, haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

35

C. M.

STEELE.

Absence from God Deprecated.

- 1 Oh thou, whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh ;
Whose hand indulgent wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye ;—
- 2 See, Lord, before thy throne of grace,
A wretched wanderer mourn :
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face ?
Hast thou not said—' Return' ?
- 3 Absent from thee, my Guide ! my Light !
Without one cheering ray,
Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
How desolate my way !

- 4 Oh ! shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine !
And let thy healing voice impart
A taste of joy divine.

36

L. M.

WATTS.

Youth and Old Age.

- 1 Now, in the heat of youthful blood,
Remember your Creator, God :
Behold, the months come hast'ning on,
When you shall say, " My joys are gone."
- 2 Behold, the aged sinner goes,
Laden with guilt and heavy woes,
Down to the regions of the dead,
With endless curses on his head.
- 3 The dust returns to dust again ;
The soul, in agonies of pain,
Ascends to God ; not there to dwell,
But hears her doom, and sinks to hell.
- 4 Eternal King ! I fear thy name ;
Teach me to know how frail I am ;
And when my soul must hence remove,
Give me a mansion in thy love.

37

C. M.

JONES.

The Resolve.

- 1 Come, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve :
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
And make this last resolve :

- 2 'I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
 Hath like a mountain rose ;
 I see his courts, I'll enter in,
 Whatever may oppose.
- 3 'Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
 And there my guilt confess ;
 I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone—
 Without his sovereign grace.
- 4 'Perhaps he will admit my plea,
 Perhaps he'll hear my prayer ;
 But if I perish, I will pray,
 And perish only there.'
- 5 I can but perish if I go,
 I am resolved to try ;
 For if I stay away I know
 I must for ever die.

38

11s & 10s.

Invitation to the Mercy-seat.

- 1 Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,
 Come, at the mercy-seat fervently kneel ;
 Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your
 anguish—
 Earth has no sorrows that Heav'n cannot heal.
- 2 Joy of the comfortless, light of the straying,
 Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,—
 Here speaks the Comforter, in mercy saying,
 Earth has no sorrows that Heav'n cannot cure.

- 3 Here see the tree of life—see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above ;
Come to the mercy-seat—come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrows but Heav'n can remove.

39

L. M.

HYDE.

- 1 Say, sinner, hath a voice within
Oft whisper'd to thy secret soul,
Urg'd thee to leave the ways of sin,
And yield thy heart to God's control?—
- 2 Sinner, it was a heav'nly voice,
It was the Spirit's gracious call ;
It bade thee make the better choice
And haste to seek in Christ thine all.
- 3 Spurn not the call to life and light ;
Regard in time the warning kind ;
That call thou may'st not always slight,
And yet the gate of mercy find.
- 4 Sinner—perhaps this very day,
Thy last accepted time may be :
Oh, should'st thou grieve him now away,
Then hope may never beam on thee.

40

L. M.

WATTS.

A Penitent Pleading for Pardon.

- 1 Show pity, Lord ; O Lord, forgive ;
Let a repenting rebel live ;
Are not thy mercies large and free ?
May not a sinner trust in thee ?

- 2 My crimes are great, but can't surpass
The pow'r and glory of thy grace :
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pard'ning love be found.
- 3 O wash my soul from ev'ry sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean ;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.
- 4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace :
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.
- 5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death :
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.
- 6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hov'ring round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

41

L. M.

The All-seeing God.

- 1 Lord, thou hast search'd and seen me through,
Thine eye commands with piercing view
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh, with all their pow'rs.

- 2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known ;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my op'ning lips they break.
- 3 Within thy circling pow'r I stand ;
On ev'ry side I find thy hand :
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.
- 4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great !
What large extent ! what lofty height !
My soul, with all the pow'rs I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.
- 5 " O may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest ;
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there."

42

C. M.

NEWTON.

The Penitent.

- 1 Oh, how divine, how sweet the joy
When one poor sinner turns,
And with a humble, broken heart,
His sins with sorrow mourns.
- 2 Pleas'd with the news, the saints below
In songs their tongues employ ;
Beyond the skies the tidings go,
And heaven is fill'd with joy.

- 3 Well pleas'd, the Father sees and hears
The conscious sinner's moan ;
Jesus receives him in his arms,
And claims him for his own.
- 4 Nor angels can their joys contain,
But kindle with new fire ;
" The sinner lost, is found," they sing,
And strike the sounding lyre.

43

C. M.

Penitent Review of the Past.

- 1 As o'er the past my memory strays,
Why heaves the secret sigh ?—
'Tis that I mourn departed days,
Still unprepared to die.
- 2 The world and worldly things beloved,
My anxious thoughts employed ;
And time unhallowed, unimproved,
Presents a fearful void.
- 3 Yet, Holy Father, wild despair
Chase from my lab'ring breast,
Thy grace it is which prompts the prayer
That grace can do the rest.
- 4 My life's brief remnant all be thine !
And when thy sure decree
Bids me this fleeting breath resign,
O speed my soul to thee.

44

7s.

- 1 Depth of mercy ! can there be
 Mercy still reserved for me !
 Can my God his wrath forbear ?
 Me, the chief of sinners, spare ?
 I have long withstood his grace ;
 Long provoked him to his face,
 Would not hearken to his calls,
 Grieved him by a thousand falls.

- 2 I have spilt his precious blood,
 Trampled on the Son of God ;
 Fill'd with pangs unspeakable,
 I, who yet am not in hell !
 Whence to me this waste of love ?
 Ask my advocate above !
 See the cause in Jesus' face,
 Now before the throne of grace.

- 3 Kindled his relentings are,
 Me he now delights to spare,
 Cries, " how shall I give thee up ?"
 Lets the lifted thunder drop.
 There for me the Saviour stands,
 Shows his wounds, and spreads his hands !
 God is love ! I know, I feel,
 Jesus weeps and loves me still.

45

12s.

THORNEY.

- 1 The voice of free grace cries, ' Escape to the
 mountain :'
 For Adam's lost race Christ hath opened a foun-
 tain ;

For sin and uncleanness, and every transgression,
His blood flows most freely in streams of salvation.
Hallelujah to the Lamb, who has died for our pardon,

We'll praise him again when we pass over Jordan.

2 Now Jesus, our King, reigns triumphantly glorious ;

O'er sin, death, and hell, he is more than victorious ;

With shouting proclaim it—O trust in his passion,
He saves us most freely—O precious salvation !

Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

3 The Saviour his name now proclaims all victorious,

He reigns over all, and his kingdom is glorious :
To Jesus we'll join with the great congregation,
And triumph, ascribing to him our salvation.

Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

4 With joy shall we stand, when escaped to the shore ;

With harps in our hands, we'll praise him the more ;

We'll range the sweet plains on the bank of the river,

And sing of salvation for ever and ever !

Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

46

C. M.

COLLYER.

God's Gracious Call to Sinners.

1 Return, O wanderer—now return !

And seek thy Father's face !

Those new desires, which in thee burn,
Were kindled by his grace.

2 Return, O wanderer—now return !
He hears thy humble sigh :
He sees thy softened spirit mourn,
When no one else is nigh.

3 Return, O wanderer—now return !
Thy Saviour bids thee live :
Go to his feet—and grateful learn
How freely he'll forgive.

4 Return, O wanderer—now return !
And wipe the falling tear :
Thy Father calls—no longer mourn !
Tis love invites thee near.

47

The Child's Wish.

1 I think, when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How he called little children as lambs to his fold,
I should like to have been with them then.

2 I wish that his hands had been placed on my head,
That his arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen his kind look when
he said,
“ Let the little ones come unto me.”

- 3 Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in his love ;
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and hear him above ;
- 4 In that beautiful place he is gone to prepare,
For all who are washed and forgiven ;
And many dear children are gathering there,
“ For of such is the kingdom of heaven.”

48

8s & 7s.

NEWTON.

The Sinner's Friend.

- 1 One there is above all others
Well deserves the name of Friend ;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end.
- 2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood ?
But this Saviour died to have us
Reconciled in him to God.
- 3 When he lived on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was his name ;
Now above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same.
- 4 O for grace our hearts to soften !
Teach us, Lord, at length to love ;
We, alas ! forget, too often,
What a friend we have above.

49

8s.

NEWTON.

- 1 How tedious and tasteless the hours
When Jesus no longer I see !
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers,
Have lost all their sweetness for me.
- 2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice ;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice.
- 3 While bless'd with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear ;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.
- 4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song,
Say, why do I languish and pine ?
And why are my winters so long ?
- 5 O, drive these dark clouds from my sky !
Thy soul-cheering presence restore ;
Or take me up to thee on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

50

C. M.

STENNET.

Praise of Jesus.

- 1 Majestic sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Saviour's brow ;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

- 2 No mortal can with him compare
Among the sons of men ;
Fairer is he than all the fair
Who fill the heavenly train.
- 3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
And flew to my relief ;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.
- 4 To him I owe my life, and breath,
And all the joys I have ;
He makes me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.

51

C. M.

WATTS.

Godly Sorrow arising from the Sufferings of Christ.

- 1 Alas ! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sov'reign die ?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I ?
- 2 Thy body slain, sweet Jesus, thine,
And bath'd in its own blood,
While all expos'd to wrath divine,
The glorious Suff'rer stood !
- 3 Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groan'd upon the tree ?
Amazing pity ! grace unknown !
And love beyond degree !

- 4 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, died,
For man the creature's sin.
- 5 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes in tears.
- 6 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe :
Here, Lord, I give myself away ;
'Tis all that I can do.

52

C. M.

WATTS

The Lamb of God Worshipped.

- 1 Come, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne ;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.
- 2 " Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
" To be exalted thus :"
" Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
" For he was slain for us."
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and pow'r divine ;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to raise thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.

5 The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

53

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Christ Precious.

1 Jesus, I love thy charming name,
'Tis music to my ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heaven might hear.

2 Whate'er my noblest powers can wish,
In thee doth richly meet;
Not to my eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

3 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

4 I'll speak the honors of thy name,
With my last laboring breath;
Then, speechless, clasp thee in mine arms,
And trust thy love in death.

54

6s & 4s.

R. PALMER.

Self-Consecration.

- 1 My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary ;
Saviour divine !
Now hear me while I pray ;
Take all my guilt away ;
Oh ! let me from this day
Be wholly thine.
- 2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire ;
As thou hast died for me,
Oh ! may my love to thee,
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.
- 3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide ;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.
- 4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll ;
Blest Saviour, then in love,
Fear and distress remove :
Oh ! bear me safe above—
A ransomed soul.

55

L. M.

H. K. WHITE.

The Star of Bethlehem.

- 1 When, marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
- 2 Hark ! hark ! to God the 'chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem ;
But one alone the Saviour speaks ;
It is the star of Bethlehem.
- 3 Once on the raging seas I rode ;
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.
- 4 Deep horror then my vitals froze ;
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem ;
'When suddenly a star arose ;
It was the star of Bethlehem.
- 5 It was my guide, my light, my all ;
It bade my dark forebodings cease ;
And, through the storm, and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.
- 6 Now safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The star, the star of Bethlehem.

56

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Christ's Advent.

- 1 Hark ! the glad sound ! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long !
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.
- 2 He comes—from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray ;
And on the eyes oppressed with night
To pour celestial day.
- 3 He comes—the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure ;
And, with the treasures of his grace,
T' enrich the humble poor.
- 4 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim ;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

57

C. M.

COWPER.

The Fountain.

- 1 There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day ;

And there may I, as vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue,
Lies silent in the grave.

58

7s.

TOPLADY.

The Rock of Ages.

1 Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee ;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side that flowed,
Be of sin the double cure :
Save me, Lord, and make me pure.

2 Should my tears for ever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
This for sin could not atone ;
Thou must save, and thou alone
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.

- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

59

8, 7.

ROBINSON

Praise for Saving Grace.

- 1 Come, thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace ;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above ;
Praise the mount, I'm fix'd upon it,
Mount of God's unchanging love.
- 2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come,
And I hope by thy good pleasure
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God ;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed with precious blood.
- 3 O to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrain'd to be !
Let that grace, now like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee.

Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love ;
Here's my heart, O take and seal it,
Seal it for thy courts above.

60

L. M.

GREGG

Ashamed of Jesus.

- 1 Jesus, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee ?
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glory shines through endless days ?
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus ! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star !
He sheds his beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus—that dear friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend ?
No ! when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.
- 4 Ashamed of Jesus ! yes I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- 5 Till then, nor is my boasting vain,
Till then I boast a Saviour slain !
And Oh ! may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

61

C. P. M.

MEDLEY.

Glory of Christ.

- 1 Oh could I speak the matchless worth,
Oh could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine ;
I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings,
In notes almost divine.
- 2 I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne ;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would, to everlasting days,
Make all his glories known.
- 3 Soon the delightful day will come,
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face ;
Then, with my Saviour, brother, friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

62

7s.

The Thief on the Cross.

- 1 Sovereign grace hath power alone
To subdue a heart of stone,
And the moment grace is felt
Then the hardest heart will melt.
- 2 When our Lord was crucified,
Two transgressors with him died ;
One, with vile blaspheming tongue,
Scoffed at Jesus as he hung.

- 3 Thus he spent his wicked breath,
In the very jaws of death ;
Perished, as too many do,
With the Saviour in his view.
- 4 But the other, touched with grace,
Saw the danger of his case ;
Faith received to own the Lord,
Whom the scribes and priests abhorr'd.
- 5 ' Lord,' he pray'd, ' remember me,
When in glory thou shalt be :'
' Soon with me,' the Lord replies,
' Thou shalt rest in paradise.'
- 6 This was wondrous grace indeed,
Grace bestowed in time of need :
Sinners, trust in Jesus' name,
You will find him still the same.

63

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

A Saviour's Claims.

- 1 Behold the Saviour at the door !
He gently knocks,—has knocked before ;
Has waited long,—is waiting still,—
You use no other friend so ill.
- 2 O lovely attitude ! he stands
With melting heart and loaded hands :
O matchless kindness ! and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes.

- 3 But will he prove a friend indeed ?
He will, the very friend you need :
The friend of sinners, yes, 'tis he,
With garments dyed on Calvary.
- 4 Admit him, ere his anger burn,
Lest he depart and ne'er return ;
Admit him, or the hour's at hand,
When at *his* door denied *you* stand.

64

C. M.

NEWTON.

The Name of Jesus.

- 1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear !
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast ;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.
- 3 Jesus ! my shepherd, husband, friend,
My prophet, priest, and king ;
My Lord, my life, my way, my end,
Accept the praise I bring.
- 4 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought,
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

- 5 Till then I would thy love proclaim
 With every fleeting breath ;
 And may the music of thy name
 Refresh my soul in death.

65

7s.

C. WESLEY.

Christ the Refuge.

- 1 Jesus, lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the raging billows roll,
 While the tempest still is high.
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life be past ;
 Safe into the haven guide,
 O receive my soul at last.
- 2 Other refuge have I none,
 Helpless hangs my soul on thee ;
 Leave, ah, leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me ;
 All my trust on thee is stay'd,
 All my help from thee I bring ;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
 More than all in thee I find ;
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of thee ;
 Spring thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

66

L. M.

WATTS.

Loving-kindness.

- 1 Awake, my soul, to joyful lays,
And sing the great Redeemer's praise ;
He justly claims a song from me ;
His loving-kindness, O how free !
- 2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all :
He saved me from my lost estate ;
His loving-kindness, O how great !
- 3 Though num'rous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along ;
His loving-kindness, O how strong !
- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick, and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood ;
His loving-kindness, O how good !
- 5 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Saviour to depart ;
But, though I have him oft forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.
- 6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale ;
Soon all my mortal powers must fail ;
O may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death.

67

S. M.

WATTS.

- 1 Behold, what wondrous grace
The Father hath bestow'd
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God !
- 2 'Tis no surprising thing,
That we should be unknown ;
The Jewish world knew not their King,
God's everlasting Son.
- 3 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made ;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.
- 4 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit like a dove
To rest upon my heart.
- 5 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne :
Our faith shall Abba Father cry,
And thou the kindred own.

68

C. M.

The Prodigal's Return.

- 1 "What have I gain'd by sin," he said,
"But hunger, shame, and fear ;
My father's house abounds in bread,
While I am starving here.

- 2 "I'll go and tell him all I've done,
 Fall down before his face ;
 Unworthy to be called his son,
 I'll seek a servant's place."
- 3 His father saw him coming back ;
 He saw, and ran, and smiled ;
 Then threw his arms around the neck
 Of his repenting child.
- 4 'Tis thus the Lord his love reveals,
 To call poor sinners home ;
 More than a father's love he feels,
 And welcomes all that come.

69

7s.

MONTGOMERY.

Choosing a Portion.

- 1 People of the living God !
 I have sought the world around,
 Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
 Peace and comfort nowhere found :
 Now to you my spirit turns,—
 Turns a wanderer yet unblest ;
 Brethren ! where your altar burns,
 O receive me into rest.
- 2 Lonely I no longer roam,
 Like the cloud, the wind, the wave;
 Where you dwell shall be my home,
 Where you die shall be my grave
 Mine the God whom you adore,
 Your Redeemer shall be mine ;
 Earth can fill my heart no more,
 Every idol I resign.

- 3 Tell me not of gain or loss,
Ease, enjoyment, pomp and power,
Welcome poverty and cross,
Shame, reproach, affliction's hour !
' FOLLOW ME !' I know thy voice,
Jesus, Lord, thy steps I see ;
Now I take thy yoke by choice,
Light thy burthen now to me.

70

C. M.

WATTS.

God's Presence is Light in Darkness.

- 1 My God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights.
- 2 In darkest shades, if he appear,
My dawning is begun !
He is my soul's sweet morning star,
And he my rising sun.
- 3 The op'ning heav'ns around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows his heart is mine,
And whispers, " I am his."
- 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word ;
Run up with joy the shining way,
T' embrace my dearest Lord !

- 5 Fearless of hell, and ghastly death,
 I'd break through ev'ry foe ;
 The wings of love, and arms of faith,
 Should bear me conqu'ror through.

71

8s.

LORD GLENEIG.

Sympathy with Christ.

- 1 When gathering clouds around I view,
 And days are dark, and friends are few,
 On him I lean, who not in vain
 Experienced every human pain ;
 He sees my wants, allays my fears,
 And counts and treasures up my tears.
- 2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
 From heavenly virtue's narrow way,
 To fly the good I would pursue,
 Or do the sin I should not do ;
 Still he who felt temptation's power,
 Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.
- 3 When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
 Which covers all that was a friend ;
 And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
 Divides me, for a little while,
 My Saviour sees the tears I shed,
 For Jesus wept o'er Laz'rus dead.
- 4 And Oh ! when I have safely past
 Through every conflict, but the last,
 Still, still unchanging, watch beside
 My painful bed, for thou hast died ;
 Then point to realms of cloudless day,
 And wipe my latest tear away.

72

7s.

Comfort in Prayer.

- 1 Come, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer ;
He himself has bid thee pray ;
Rise, and ask without delay.
- 2 With my burden I begin :
Lord, remove this load of sin,
Let thy blood for sinners spilt
Set my conscience free from guilt.
- 3 Lord, I come to thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast :
Thou thy sovereign right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

73

8s & 7s.

HASTINGS

Pilgrim.

- 1 Gently, Lord, O gently lead us
Through this lonely vale of tears ;
Through the changes thou'st decreed us,
Till our last great change appears.
When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in thy perfect way.
- 2 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear ;

And when mortal life is ended,
Bid us on thy bosom rest,
Till, by angel bands attended,
We awake among the blest.

74

8, 7 & 4s.

OLIVER.

The Pilgrim's Guide.

- 1 Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land :
I am weak—but thou art mighty ;
Hold me with thy powerful hand ;
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow ;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through :
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside ;
Bear me through the swelling current,
Land me safe on Canaan's side ;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

75

L. M.

WATTS.

- 1 Life is the time to serve the Lord,
The time t' ensure the great reward ;
And while the lamp holds out to burn
The vilest sinner may return.

- 2 [Life is the hour that God has giv'n
To 'scape from hell, and fly to heav'n ;
The day of grace, and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.]
- 3 The living know that they must die,
But all the dead forgotten lie ;
Their mem'ry and their sense is gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.
- 4 [Their hatred and their love is lost,
Their envy bury'd in the dust,
They have no share in all that's done
Beneath the circuit of the sun.]
- 5 Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands, with all your might pursue ;
Since no device nor work is found,
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.
- 6 There are no acts of pardon pass'd
In the cold grave, to which we haste ;
But darkness, death, and long despair,
Reign in eternal silence there.

76

C. M.

WATTS.

Breathing after the Holy Spirit.

- 1 Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

- 2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys ;
Our souls can neither fly, nor go,
To reach eternal joys.
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise ;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.
- 4 Dear Lord ! and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate ?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great ?
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs ;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

77

8, 8, & 6s.

C. WESLEY.

Importance of Time.

- 1 Lo ! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
Yet how insensible !
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to that heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.
- 2 O God ! my inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress ;

Give me to feel their solemn weight,
 And save me ere it be too late,
 Wake me to righteousness.

3 Before me place in bright array
 The pomp of that tremendous day,
 When thou with clouds shalt come
 To judge the nations at thy bar ;
 And tell me, Lord ! shall I be there
 To meet a joyful doom ?

4 Be this my one great bus'ness here,
 With holy trembling, holy fear,
 To make my calling sure !
 Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
 And suffer all thy righteous will,
 And to the end endure.

78

7s & 6s.

HEBER.

Missionary Hymn.

1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand,
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand ;
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle—

Though every prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile?—
 In vain, with lavish kindness,
 The gifts of God are strown;
 The heathen, in his blindness,
 Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
 By wisdom from on high—
 Shall we to man benighted
 The lamp of life deny?—
 Salvation!—oh, salvation!
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till earth's remotest nation
 Has learnt Messiah's name.

4 Waft—waft, ye winds, his story;
 And you, ye waters, roll,
 Till, like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole;
 Till o'er our ransomed nature,
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 Returns in bliss to reign.

79

6s & 5s.

1 When shall we meet again?
 Meet ne'er to sever?
 When will peace wreath her chair
 Round us for ever?
 Our hearts will ne'er repose
 Safe from each blast that blows,
 In this dark vale of woes—
 Never--no, never!

- 2 Whon shall love freely flow
 Pure as life's river ?
 When shall sweet friendship glow
 Changeless for ever ?
 Where joys celestial thrill,
 Where bliss each heart shall fill,
 And fears of parting chill
 Never—no, never !
- 3 Up to that world of light
 Take us, dear Saviour !
 May we all there unite,
 Happy for ever !
 Where kindred spirits dwell,
 There may our music swell,
 And time our joys dispel
 Never—no, never !
- 4 Soon shall we meet again—
 Meet ne'er to sever ;
 Soon will peace wreath her chain
 Round us for ever.
 Our hearts will then repose
 Secure from worldly woes ;
 Our songs of praise shall close
 Never—no, never !

The Dying Christian to his Soul.

- 1 Vital spark of heavenly flame,
 Quit, oh ! quit this mortal frame :
 Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying—
 Oh ! the pain, the bliss of dying !

Cease, fond nature—cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life !

2 Hark !—they whisper—angels say,
‘ Sister spirit, come away :’
What is this absorbs me quite ?—
Steals my senses—shuts my sight—
Drowns my spirits—draws my breath ?—
Tell me, my soul—can this be death ?

3 The world recedes—it disappears—
Heaven opens on my eyes !—my ears
With sounds seraphic ring !—
Lend, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly !
‘ O grave ! where is thy victory !
O death ! where is thy sting !’

81

12s.

HEBER.

Farewell to a Friend Departed.

- 1 ‘Thou art gone to the grave—but we will not de-
plore thee ;
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the
tomb,
The Saviour has pass’d through its portals before
thee,
And the lamp of his love is thy guide through
the gloom.
- 2 ‘Thou art gone to the grave—we no longer behold
thee,
Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy
side ;

But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold
 thee,
 And sinners may hope, since the sinless has died.

3 Thou art gone to the grave—and its mansions for-
 saking,
 Perhaps thy tried spirit in doubt linger'd long ;
 But the sunshine of heaven beam'd bright on thy
 waking,
 And the song which thou heardest was the sera-
 phim's song.

4 Thou art gone to the grave,—but 'twere wrong to
 deplore thee,
 When God was thy ransom, thy guardian and
 guide,
 He gave thee, and took thee, and soon will restore
 thee,
 Where death hath no sting, since the Saviour
 hath died.

82

C. M.

WATTS.

Joy in Death.

1 Jesus, the vision of thy face
 Hath overpowering charms ;
 Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace,
 If Christ be in my arms.

2 Then when ye hear my heart-strings break,
 How sweet the minutes roll !
 A mortal paleness on my cheek,
 And glory in my soul.

83

L. M.

WATTS.

Glory in the Person of Christ.

- 1 Now to the Lord a noble song !
Awake, my soul ; awake, my tongue ;
Hosanna to th' Eternal Name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.
- 2 See, where it shines in Jesus' face,
The brightest image of his grace ;
God, in the person of his Son,
Has all his mightiest works outdone.
- 3 Grace ! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme ;
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name ;
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound ;
Ye heav'ns, reflect it to the ground.
- 4 Oh, may I reach that happy place
Where he unveils his lovely face ;
Where all his beauties you behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold !

84

C. M.

Death of a Child.

- 1 Death has been here, and borne away
A brother* from our side ;
Just in the morning of his day,
As young as we, he died.
- 2 Not long ago, he fill'd his place,
And sat with us to learn ;
But he has run his mortal race,
And never can return.

* Or, a sister.

- 3 Perhaps our time may be as short ;
Our days may fly as fast ;
O Lord, impress the solemn thought,
That this may be our last.
- 4 All needful strength is thine to give ;
To thee our souls apply,
For grace to teach us how to live,
And make us fit to die.

85

C. M.

STEELE

Death in Youth.

- 1 When blooming youth is snatched away,
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay
Which pity must demand.
- 2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
O may this truth, impressed
With awful power—I too must die—
Sink deep in every breast.
- 3 The voice of this alarming scene
May every heart obey ;
Nor be the heavenly warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray.
- 4 O let us fly, to Jesus fly,
Whose powerful arm can save ;
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.

86

L. M.

WATTS.

Praise now and in Heaven.

- 1 Sweet is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing ;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest ;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast ;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound !
- 3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word ;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine ;
How deep thy counsels ! how divine !
- 4 But I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refin'd my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.
- 5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desir'd, or wish'd below ;
And ev'ry pow'r find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

87

L. M.

WATTS

The Pleasure of Public Worship.

- 1 How pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are ;
With long desire my spirit faints
To meet th' assemblies of the saints.

- 2 My flesh would rest in thine abode,
My panting heart cries out for God :
My God ! my King ! why should I be
So far from all my joys and thee ?
- 3 The sparrow chooses where to rest,
And for her young provides her nest ;
But will my God to sparrows grant
That pleasure which his children want ?
- 4 Blest are the saints who sit on high,
*Around thy throne of majesty ;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.
- 5 Blest are the souls that find a place
Within the temple of thy grace ;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

Heavenly Joy on Earth.

- 1 Come, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known ;
Join in a song of sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.
- 2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banish'd from the place ;
Religion never was design'd
To make our pleasures less.

- 3 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below ;
Celestial fruits, on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow.
- 4 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heav'nly fields.
Or walk the golden streets.
- 5 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry,
We're marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

89

C. M.

WATTS.

- 1 When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to ev'ry fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
And storms of sorrow fall ;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heav'n, my all ;
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heav'nly rest ;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

A Prospect of Heaven makes Death Easy.

- 1 There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign ;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-with'ring flow'rs ;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heav'nly land from ours.
- 3 [Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dress'd in living green ;
So, to the Jews, old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.
- 4 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shiv'ring on the brink,
And fear to launch away.
- 5 Oh ! could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And view the Canaan that we love
With unbecclouded eyes ;,
- 6 Could we but stand where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

91

6s & 4s.

- 1 There is a happy land,
Far, far away ;
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day ;
O, how they sweetly sing
Worthy is our Saviour King,
Loud let his praises ring,
Praise, praise for aye.
- 2 Come to the happy land,
Come, come away ;
Why will ye doubting stand ?
Why, yet delay ;
O we shall happy be
When from sin and sorrow free,
Lord we shall reign with thee,
Blest, blest for aye.
- 3 Bright in that happy land,
Beams every eye ;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die ;
Then shall his kingdom come,
Saints shall share a glorious home,
And bright above the sun,
We reign for aye.

92

C. M.

Jerusalem.

- 1 Jerusalem ! my happy home,
Name ever dear to me !
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy and peace and thee ?

- 2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls,
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?
- 3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know;
Bless'd seats, through rude and stormy scenes,
I onward press to you.
- 4 O, when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end?
- 5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there,
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.
- 6 When I've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
I've no less days to sing God's praise,
Than when I first began.

DOXOLOGIES.

L. M.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honor, praise, and glory giv'n,
By all on earth, and all in heav'n.

C. M.

Let God the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, be ador'd,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

S. M.

Ye angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, praise the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

P. M.

To God the Father's throne
Perpetual honors raise ;
Glory to God the Son,
To God the Spirit, praise :
With all our pow'rs,
Eternal King,
Thy name we sing,
While faith adores.

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